

Colors

an orange cat
steps on the
green grass
from the
kitchen door
to the edge
of the yard,
where it dives
into unmowed
beige weeds
and hunts
gray fieldmice
whose silk hair
is blown
by the colorless wind

Lineage

a diffident
spider
had his lineage
traced back
through
a hundred
centuries
to find out
why he feared
nothing but
flowers

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Western lawmen
come and go,
but there's
always a scene
with sage-brush
in it
in every
cowboy movie

"High Noon"

the city is
like a wheel/
on the rim
are a few
people
bound for
dentists'
offices/
the spokes
are avenues
for jewel shops/
the hub
is a crowd
swayed by a
policeman's
whistle

City Stumble